



This is a digital copy of a book that was preserved for generations on library shelves before it was carefully scanned by Google as part of a project to make the world's books discoverable online.

It has survived long enough for the copyright to expire and the book to enter the public domain. A public domain book is one that was never subject to copyright or whose legal copyright term has expired. Whether a book is in the public domain may vary country to country. Public domain books are our gateways to the past, representing a wealth of history, culture and knowledge that's often difficult to discover.

Marks, notations and other marginalia present in the original volume will appear in this file - a reminder of this book's long journey from the publisher to a library and finally to you.

Usage guidelines

Google is proud to partner with libraries to digitize public domain materials and make them widely accessible. Public domain books belong to the public and we are merely their custodians. Nevertheless, this work is expensive, so in order to keep providing this resource, we have taken steps to prevent abuse by commercial parties, including placing technical restrictions on automated querying.

We also ask that you:

- + *Make non-commercial use of the files* We designed Google Book Search for use by individuals, and we request that you use these files for personal, non-commercial purposes.
- + *Refrain from automated querying* Do not send automated queries of any sort to Google's system: If you are conducting research on machine translation, optical character recognition or other areas where access to a large amount of text is helpful, please contact us. We encourage the use of public domain materials for these purposes and may be able to help.
- + *Maintain attribution* The Google "watermark" you see on each file is essential for informing people about this project and helping them find additional materials through Google Book Search. Please do not remove it.
- + *Keep it legal* Whatever your use, remember that you are responsible for ensuring that what you are doing is legal. Do not assume that just because we believe a book is in the public domain for users in the United States, that the work is also in the public domain for users in other countries. Whether a book is still in copyright varies from country to country, and we can't offer guidance on whether any specific use of any specific book is allowed. Please do not assume that a book's appearance in Google Book Search means it can be used in any manner anywhere in the world. Copyright infringement liability can be quite severe.

About Google Book Search

Google's mission is to organize the world's information and to make it universally accessible and useful. Google Book Search helps readers discover the world's books while helping authors and publishers reach new audiences. You can search through the full text of this book on the web at <http://books.google.com/>

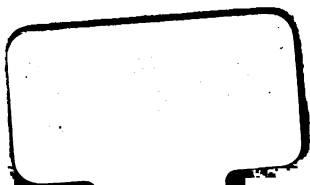
MATHER'S
MOTHERS'
FRIEND.

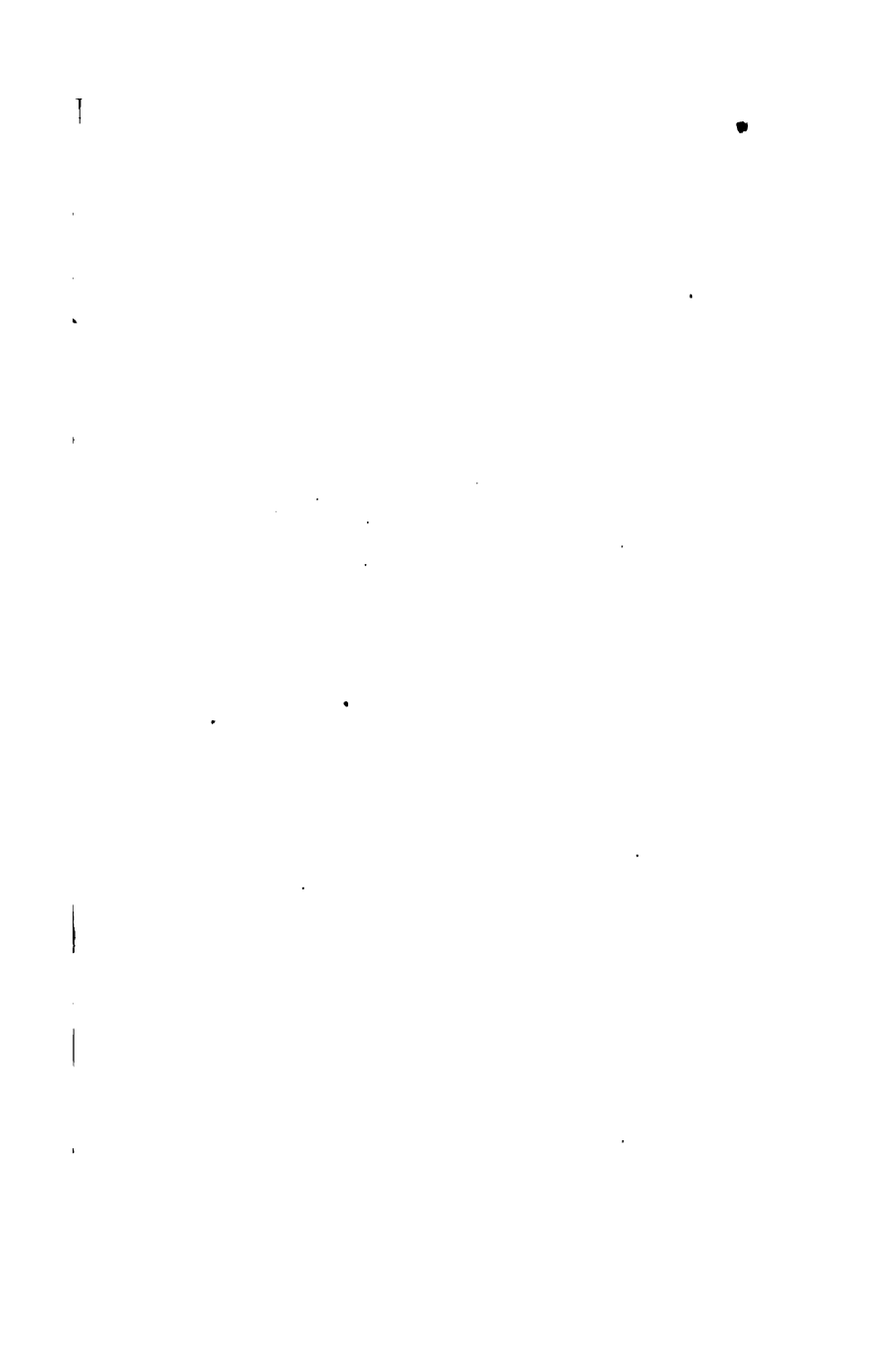
1419
f. 812



600102192L

1419 f 812







The Mother's Reward.

THE
MOTHER'S REWARD;
OR,
EARLY PIETY EXEMPLIFIED

IN THE
LIFE AND DEATH
OF
EDWIN BYWELL DAWSON,

A WOODHOUSE GROVE BOY.

BY THE
REV. G. MATHER,
WESLEYAN MINISTER.

LONDON:
HARRISON & SON, 163, BISHOPSGATE ST.,
AND
YORK PLACE, BINGLEY, YORKSHIRE.
AND SOLD BY J. MASON, 66, PATERNOSTER ROW,
MDCCCLX.



CHAPTER I.
INFANCY AND EARLY CONSECRATION.

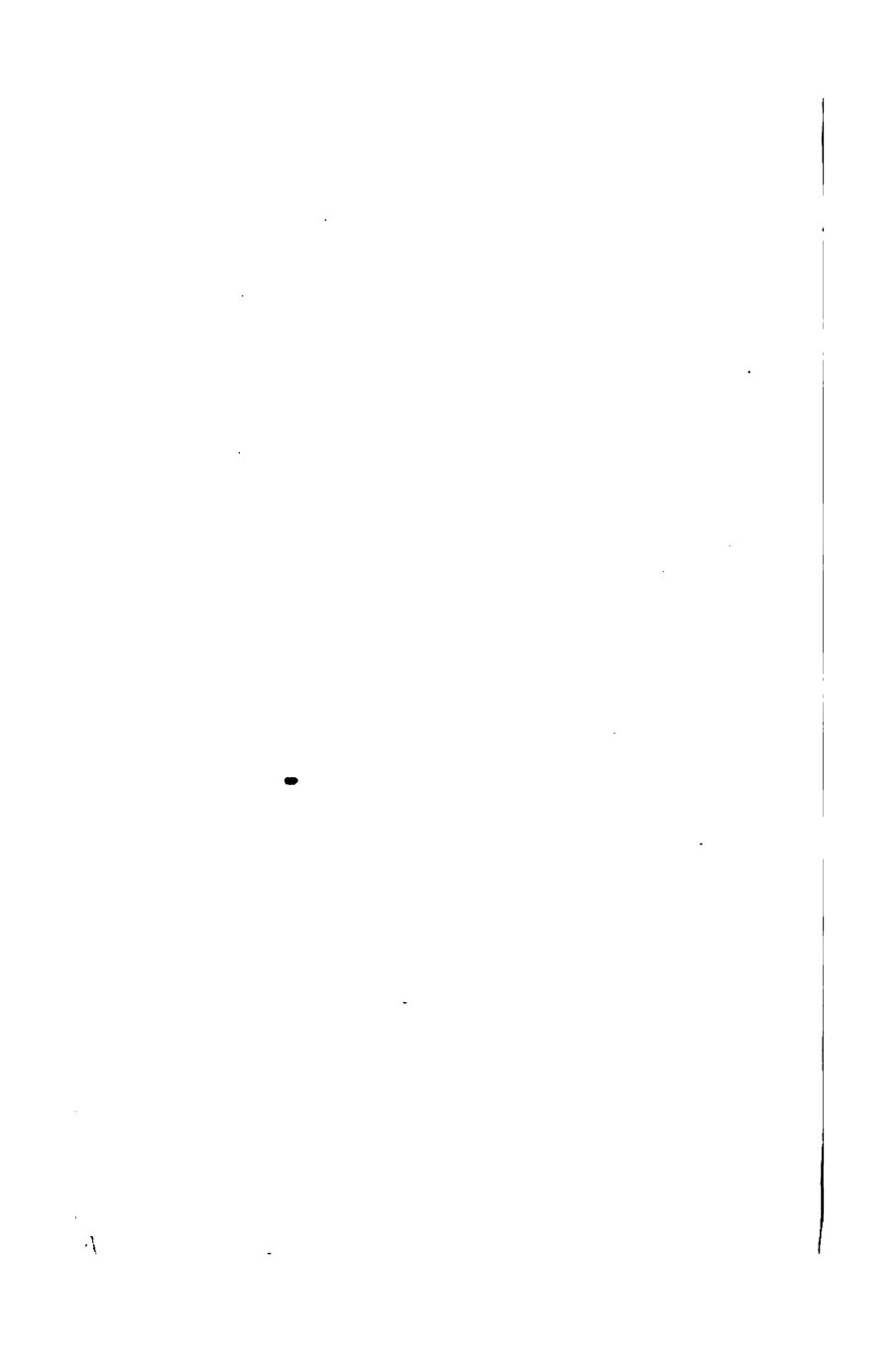
CHAPTER II.
THE DAWNING LIGHT.

CHAPTER III.
THE APPREHENSION OF THE ATONEMENT.

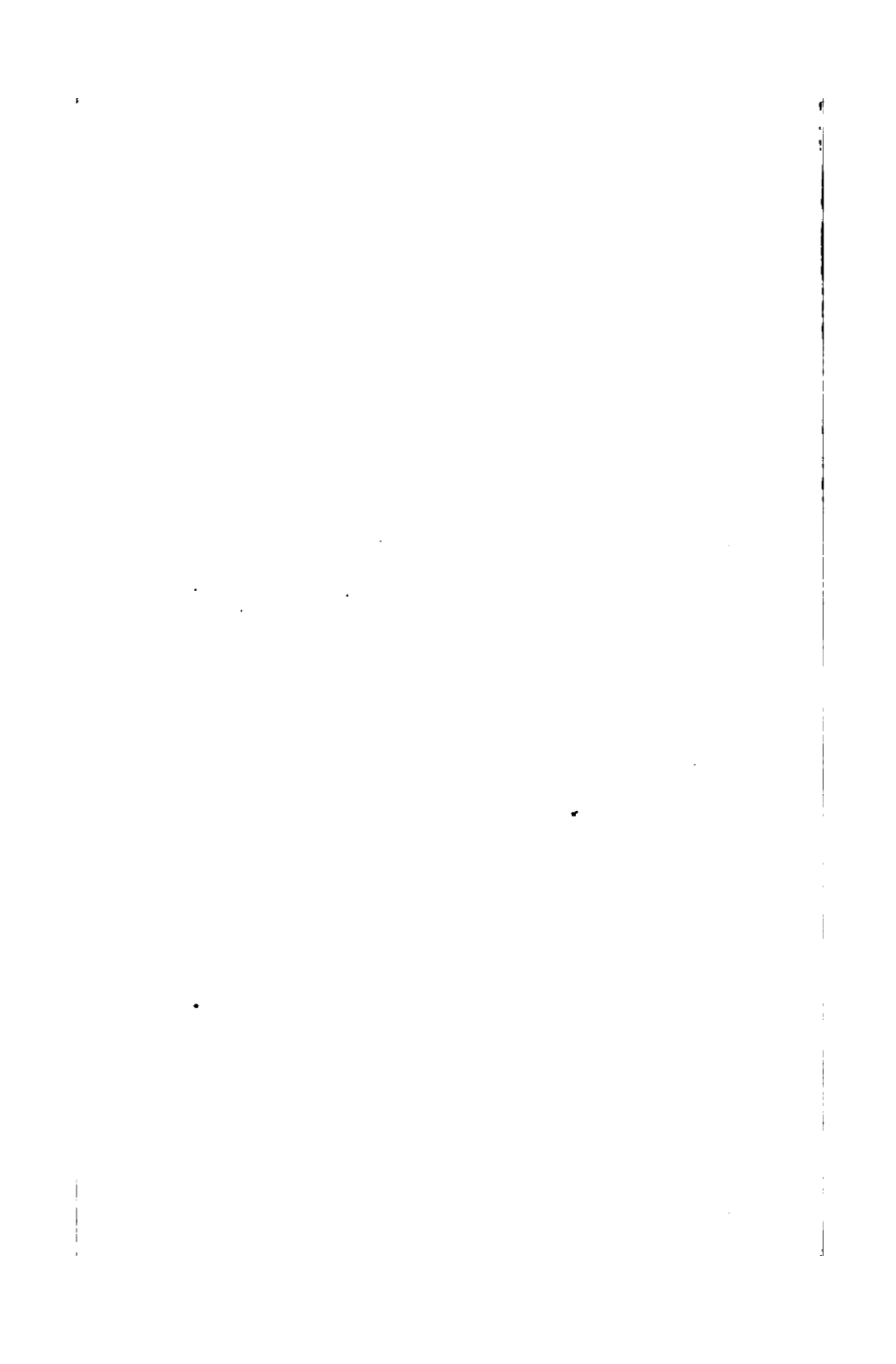
CHAPTER IV.
EARLY FRUITS OF RIGHTEOUSNESS.

CHAPTER V.
**THE FADING FLOWER AND THE GATHERING
SHADOWS.**

CHAPTER VI.
THE VICTORY.



Infancy & Early Consecration



CHAPTER I.

INFANCY AND EARLY CONSECRATION.

"Babe—lovely babe!

Whether thy cradle be the rocking sling
Across the shoulder of the Hottentot,
Or gipsy mother; or the wicker boat
Of cottage love's simplicity; or rags
Of beggar wretchedness; or shivering breast
Of Lapland poverty; or downy heaps
Of satin'd royalty; or be thou left
To roll upon the greensward in the depth
Of Indian solitude, the while, perchance,
Thy mother serves her lord; where'er thou art,
O darling babe! I love thee."

O Thou, who, taking in Thy dearest arms
These little ones I love, didst with them leave
A token of thine everlasting grace!
Take Thou my lowly thanks, that Thou hast made
Creatures so beautiful."

EMMA TATEHAM.

THE Shepherd of Israel gathers and folds
the lambs in His bosom. The Saviour
when on earth took great interest in children,

and manifested a tender care for them. It is expressly said, "And He took them up in His arms, put His hands upon them, and blessed them." MARK X, 16.

Mr. Watson, in his "Conversations for the Young," has remarked on this act of the Saviour, as follows,—“His taking up children, little children, in His arms, and blessing them, and declaring that ‘of such is the kingdom of God,’ proves these important points : first, that young children are capable of grace ; for the imposition of hands was used by the Jews in the invocation of the Holy Spirit : second, that children may be members of His church on earth : third, that the salvation of children, dying before actual sin, is certain ; ‘for of such is the kingdom of heaven.’ *”

On the 25th June, 1849, in the Wesleyan chapel, Bishop Auckland, stood the Rev. Luke H. Wiseman, and with impressive solemnity offered up to God by christian baptism, EDWIN BYWELL, son of the Rev. J. B. Dawson. He was thus early consecrated to God, and admitted into the visible church, amid the fervent prayers of the congregation, who devoutly and earnestly desired that the child might live to receive “fulness of grace,” and finally “come to the

* Watson's Works, v. VI, p. 204.

land of everlasting life." And surely public baptism should be esteemed a privilege by all christian parents. It is imperative that we offer up our little ones to God, and though it may be less difficult and more agreeable to our natural feelings, to gather a few friends around our hearth and altar, there to consecrate the child to God, yet it is more seemly and more noble to present our most precious ones to the Lord in His own Temple, and thereby secure, amid the solemnities of the sanctuary, the supplications of a larger company of the faithful.

The nobility and gentry feel proud in presenting, at a great levee, their children to an earthly sovereign. Such an event is marked as an important era in the annals of the family; and surely, while we appreciate the gracious recognitions of royalty, we are not less anxious to present our loved ones to the King of kings, and Lord of lords.

The first year of Edwin's life was one of great delicacy; for a time it was feared that continued debility and suffering would terminate fatally. Indeed, his infancy was a struggle for existence, but like many other feeble children he struggled through; and his removal to the neighbourhood of Southport, where his father was appointed to labour, greatly tended to confirm his health. The genial and bracing air of Ormskirk, with

the unremitting attendance of his mother, resulted in physical vigour; and up to the commencement of 1858, Edwin's cheek wore the healthiest bloom.

Accustomed from infancy to be taken to the house of God, the early practice grew into a loved habit, so that the child delighted in the service of the sanctuary; the hymns and earnest prayers thrilled through his young heart, and solemnly impressed his mind. His face was wont to beam with gladness, as his voice rang out, clear and sweet, in the minstrelsies of Zion. Early trained, he early appreciated the worship of God.

It is not much that can be said for the interest of general readers, about a child but three or four years old. Such a child presents innumerable points of attraction to a thoughtful and loving parent, his innocent prattlings, unfolding beauty, dimpled cheeks, laughing eyes, looks of love and confidence, his very sports and other inexpressible fascinations, form sources of pleasure. Tupper expresses the feelings of many hearts where he says, "A babe in a house is a well spring of pleasure, a messenger of peace and love: a resting place for innocence on earth, a link between angels and men:" as also Campbell

"And I might tell the thousand infant charms,
Unconscious fascinations, undesigned;" &c.

The Dawning Light.

1

2

3

4

5

6

7

8

9

10

CHAPTER II.

THE DAWNING LIGHT.

“But yet dearer do I hold
The early beamings of the awakening soul,
The dawns of the immortality
And majesty within ; when the bright eye
Hath learn'd to wonder, and the struggling tongue
To wrestle with its fetters ;—when the heart
Leaps like a butterfly from the dark cone
That bound him to the chrysalis, and spreads
Its thousand living colours to the warmth
And sunshine smile of love, trembling with bliss ;
When the dim intellect lifts, like a star,
Its dewy head above the ocean-wave
Of chaos and nonentity, and steep
Itself in life. O, what a boundless world
Gleams on the young immortal !”

EMMA TATHAM.

IT is interesting to watch the early spring buds timidly looking out on the departing storms of winter, and to see the blossoms bursting forth in their tinted beauty. And interesting it is to mark the dawns of mental

power—the buddings of early genius :—genius which in its highest manifestation mounts above the ordinary levels of Society, as the snow-clad Alp rises above the green vale of Chamoni, and brightens in the roseate reflections of the setting sun.

How eagerly a thoughtful mother watches the first flashes of intellect, which indicate to her loving and hopeful heart the future greatness of her darling boy! And can it be less interesting to observe the first gleams of heavenly Truth—the first gracious enlightenings of the Holy Spirit on the understanding of a child, awakening the first spiritual emotions : emotions which form the germ of that moral grandeur which will have its consummation in the presence of the everlasting! How fondly we cherish the recollections of our earliest sacred impressions ;—the earliest conscious light of life's young morning! How precious the memory of our first religious feelings, when the spiritual world unfolded and became a *fact* to us, and we tried to pray that God would make us good and happy!

It is not too much to say that the Holy Spirit works on the mind and heart in very early life, waking up dormant susceptibilities and energies. Caird, in his own beautiful and philosophical way, remarks, “As the light opens the close-shut flower bud to receive light, or as the sun-

beam, playing on a sleeper's eyes, by its gentle irritation opens them to see its own brightness; so the truth of God, shining on the soul, quickens and stirs into activity the faculty by which that very truth is perceived."

It is difficult to ascertain how soon the Holy Spirit enlightens and stirs the heart; but that He does so enlighten and quicken we cannot doubt. Edwin was very young when the spiritual world first occupied his thoughts. Sitting at the feet of his mother, he listened eagerly to the narratives of Jewish history, and the events recorded by the christian evangelists. How inexpressibly valuable to the true interest of a child are such early maternal teachings! How important that first ideas should be *truths* and not *fictions*; so that it may not require an after process to remove the influence of first impressions; to remove the unreal tinge or false colouring given to thoughts. It is also important that first perceptions should not only be truths, but *Bible* truths; and that the mental images should be pure and elevating. We cannot over-estimate the value of an intelligent christian mother's instructions. The child, linked to his mother by a mysterious union and imperishable affection, believes her utterances: they sink deep into his heart, and revive in after days. His mother's instructions and

prayers are associated in the child's mind with his mother's love and weeping solicitude. During Charles Wesley's residence in Oxford, when writing to his brother John, and expressing his conviction that prayer had prevailed on his behalf, he says, "It is owing in a great measure, to somebody's prayers, (my *mother's* most likely,) that I am come to think as I do; for I cannot tell myself how or where I awoke out of my lethargy."* May it not be averred, that the prayerful teachings of a godly mother, are more powerful as a security against infidelity, than even the most accurate knowledge of the christian evidences?

A distinguished American senator, when taunted with being a Frenchman, indignantly repudiated the accusation; but with touching emotion said, "I might now have been a French infidel, but for the hour when my mother was accustomed to take me into her chamber, and there, kneeling at her side, taught me to say, 'Our Father, which art in Heaven.'" The heart fortified by Divine Truth, will present the strongest barrier to the assaults of scepticism. The poisoned arrows of infidelity may fly against such a heart, but will be harmless as the spear hurled by the hand of the aged and feeble Priam,

* Jackson's Life, vol. I, pp. 14.

king of Troy, which just reached the buckler of Neoptolemus, the son of Achilles, and then fell powerless to the ground. It was a beautiful sight, and very important in its results, when little Philip Doddridge stood by his mother's knee, and gathered instruction from the memorable Dutch Tiles, representing scenes of scripture history. And though some mothers are more gifted than others, and have a peculiar power to interest children, yet surely all can point to the plains of Bethlehem, to the temple at Jerusalem and the solemn events of Calvary;—to the valleys and hills and vine-clad terraces of Palestine, where Jesus walked, taught, and performed great miracles;—to the sorrows and sufferings, the death and agony of Jesus; and with gentle voice and loving heart urge their little ones to early discipleship with Him. Precious employment! Most remunerative exercise! It is twice blessed. It blesses the child, and will save the mother from tears of bitter—burning anguish.

As Edwin heard the truth from his parents' lips and from the ministers in the sanctuary, the Holy Spirit operated through those secondary agencies, and early illumined his mind and stirred his heart.

We have every encouragement to begin early. Nature is full of beautiful gradations.

How gradual is the dawning light. Standing on a high cliff commanding the sea, we have seen the sun rise. Earnestly we gazed into the darkness, until we saw the gleaming twilight succeeded by silent grey deepening into purple, then brightening into crimson and amber, until the very rocks were flooded with yellow lustre, and shone like masses of burnished gold. So dawns the light of truth. It comes, not as the vivid lightning, flashing through the midnight gloom, whose sudden and terrific glare leaves us in deeper blackness, but rather as the blushing morning, shining "more and more unto the perfect day."

We can remember reading, or hearing God's ministers read, the histories of Samuel, the Jewish maid, Timothy, and the Lord Jesus when a child in the temple, and how we wished to be like them. We can remember hearing the superintendents of Sabbath schools reading and speaking about the early but happy deaths of pious children, and we tried to pray that God would make us good as they were, and then take us to the same bright home in heaven. We remember watching the early spring flowers and sportive lambs: listening to the clear sweet notes of the linnet and thrush, in the hedge-rows and sylvan glade; looking up into the soft blue heavens and cloud-formed palaces, and

thinking that God must be a good and loving Being, when we were told that he made all these beautiful things. We can remember reading about the lost sheep in the wilderness and the good Shepherd ; about the agonies of the Garden and the Cross, until our hearts melted, and the Holy Spirit gently yet powerfully allured us to the Saviour. These were among our first conscious spiritual perceptions and emotions ; and as children are the same now, the word of God the same in its majestic simplicity, and the Holy Spirit the same, let us be co-workers with God, and prayerfully lead our little ones to the Saviour, that He may bless and fold them in His arms.

Edwin owed much to his mother's tender solitudes and instructions, and she had a rich reward ; for though the child, like all other children, was born in sin, and actually committed sin, it was very rarely that by thoughtlessness he gave cause for sorrow to his parents, while they cannot recall an act of positive disobedience. "It may be averred," says his father, "that from the first knowledge he had of duty to God, he was graciously drawn to delight in its performance. Very early did he become accustomed to clasp his hands at family worship, and most devoutly did he repeat his morning and evening prayers ; with simplicity and confidence he asked

blessings of his Heavenly Father, for his parents, his brothers, and relatives, and for himself: it was to him a duty of love, and to us a cause of joy: the Lord called him, and promptly did he answer, and we 'perceived that the Lord had called the child.' "

"I saw a fair-haired cherub kneel,
Beside his mother's knee;
His tiny dimpled hands were clasped,
His eyes were bright with glee.

"But soon they closed, for now he prayed,
And silvery accents rung;
And prayer and praise to God the Lord,
Lisped forth that infant tongue.

"The gentle mother bowed her head,
In heartfelt holy joy;
And, full of grateful love, implored
All blessings for her boy.

"And dear to him that mother was
Who taught him first to pray;
And leading his young heart to God,
Through Jesus, shewed the way."

The Apprehension of the
Atonement.

CHAPTER III.

THE APPREHENSION OF THE ATONEMENT.

“ And that from a child thou hast known the Holy Scriptures, which are able to make thee wise unto salvation through faith which is in Christ Jesus.”—
2 TIM. iii. 15.

IT is difficult to ascertain how soon a child really discovers the nature and guilt of sin, with the distinct apprehension of the vicarious character of Christ's death. In dealing with children, it is to be feared that we do not sufficiently recognize and honour the work of the Holy Spirit; that is, we do not assume and calculate on His gracious illuminations and alluring influences. He is more interested in children than we are, or can be:—the Saviour loves them more tenderly than we do, though nothing human is deeper or holier than a mother's love; and the compassions of the Father are stronger and more yearning than ours. The *Trinity* love our little ones, and that

is a blessed consideration. Then we ought to assume that God is on our side—that a gracious influence is at work in their hearts, and that we are only co-operating with the Holy Spirit in his convincing and saving work on the soul.

“ But these have souls
Unfrozen and accessible to love,
And touch'd by truthfulness. They do not doubt;
They do not cast suspicion on the zeal
That, frankly melting to the tenderness
Of universal love, flows out in streams
Immeasurably slow.”

How often a child melts into tears when we calmly, lovingly, and seriously speak to him of the sorrows and sufferings of Jesus: the tears of sensibility, revealing a hidden depth of feeling, moisten his eyes, and steal down his pale or ruddy cheek. We have seen a whole class weep under the touching appeals of a devout teacher, and the seed then scattered fell into good ground and was seen after many days. If dark, ferocious, and ignorant heathen soon apprehend the atonement from the lips of a christian missionary, with all the disadvantages of an imperfectly understood dialect, how much more the children of christian parents, early offered to God by baptism, and early taught the way of life. Edwin's mind opened to comprehend and grasp the blessed truth that Jesus Christ came into

the world to save sinners ; and believing this, he was filled with peace. When genius, learning, and true eloquence would represent the simplicity of faith in Christ, an illustration is drawn from a child's undoubting confidence. "Never," said the great Dr. Chalmers, "Never is my heart so filled with light and peace as when, like a little child, I take up the great lesson that God has laid on his only begotten Son the iniquity of us all."

Edwin's faith had the atonement for its object ; and by simply yet implicitly resting on the Divine Testimony, he lived in the conscious enjoyment of God's pardoning love. One day his Mamma was explaining to a younger brother how in being pardoned and regenerated, we obtain power over sin, when Edwin sprang from his chair, saying, "O yes Mamma ! I understand that ; I know it is so ;" and naming a particular time when he had been made happy, said, "ever since, I have been able to resist temptation." A lady from Skipton had a close conversation with him, and elicited the most satisfactory evidence of his acceptance with God. The experience of this boy is a proof that children are capable of understanding the nature of pardon, and enjoying from day to day the distinct witness of the Holy Spirit to their adoption.

Edwin's heart waked up under the renewing breath of the Holy Spirit, and he rose from a death of sin into a new and heavenly life. He became a new creature in Christ Jesus, and felt the joy of a new born soul. How beautiful and blessed this change! The release from bodily pain, or the transition from winter to spring, does but faintly illustrate its beauty and joy. We all love the coming spring. Pleasant it is to behold the young leaves after the apparent death of winter; to see the early blossoms, and soft calm skies, after the dreary months and desolating streams; but much more interesting, beautiful, and blessed, is a new born soul. Rising from spiritual death to the life of holiness, it springs from the dark chrysalis of sin, into the light and beauty of spiritual freedom; the putting forth of new powers—the rejoicing in new affections, and the transports of heavenly joy, surpass greatly the gladness of nature and the loveliness of material forms. To such an one, especially in adult life, the grass looks greener and the sun brighter; the air is more balmy and the soul feels attuned to the harmonies of the universe. It is fabled of Mamnon's statue, that when the first beams of the morning sun fell on the colossal image, it sent forth sounds of delicious melody; but it was a *truth* and not a

tradition, that when upon Edwin's heart shone the mild beams of the Sun of Righteousness, it trembled and waked up under the celestial influence to a new and heavenly life, and sweet melodies thrilled from the strings of his spirit's harp.

Still there was no parade of religion in Edwin's conduct; he was remarkably free from vanity—the very embodiment of that humility which is unconscious of itself; a flower of grace, so fair,

———“So delicate a thing
That if it look upon itself 'tis gone.”

It was his spirit and general conduct that testified of the inward change, and of the possession of christian principles and affections. These shone outwardly with a clear and convincing light, while his words were comparatively few, except when alone with his mother, to whom he poured out all his heart; for between the mother and child existed a sympathy of the most endearing and delightful nature.

In the month of June, 1858, the Rev. T. B. Thorneloe, being on a visit to the Grove Circuit, was entertained at Mr. Dawson's house; the interest which he felt in Edwin, and the estimate which he formed of his piety, are expressed in a letter subsequently addressed to Edwin's father. “I cannot hastily forget my interview with that

sweet child. When he entered the room, the bright beaming of his countenance gave promise of a pleasing interview which subsequent intercourse confirmed. Previous to my departure from your house to Woodhouse Grove Chapel, my mind was brought into a sweet frame, and prepared for the duties of the day, by a truly spiritual conversation with that intelligent boy. He displayed a knowledge of scripture history which astonished and delighted me, and views of the heavenly world and the happiness of the righteous which charmed me."

At Midsummer, Edwin was admitted into Woodhouse Grove School, the northern establishment for the education of ministers' sons, which has the honour of having sent forth youths, not a few, who have become distinguished men; amongst such, mention may be made of the Rev. S. D. Waddy, President of the Conference; the Rev. John Farrar, Secretary of the Conference and Governor at the Grove, and the learned Solicitor General, Sir William Atherton. Though his residence at the Grove was short, he esteemed its privileges; became attached to the masters, and often while there, and during his subsequent affliction, referred to the spiritual benefit he received.

"On one of his Saturday afternoon visits to our house while we were in the Grove Circuit,"

says his father, "he alluded to the appeal made by the Rev. W. Lord, (then Governor,) to the boys respecting meeting in class, when, all who wished to do so, were requested to hold up their hands. In this way he led his Mamma to the subject of his own discision, about which he felt a modest reluctance to speak, but which he knew would afford her much gratification. So the question was naturally asked, 'And did you lift up your hand?' 'Yes,' he replied, evidently feeling it a privilege, and regarding himself as having taken a vow to serve God." Upon his return home, he asked to be allowed to accompany his Mamma to her class, and continued to do so while strength permitted. The venerable leader would now and then speak a few simple words to the child, whose eyes filled with tears, expressive of feelings which he could not embody in language. Even when languishing on his couch, the boy expressed his desire for the means of grace.

How he was regarded while a pupil at the Grove, where he spent some of his happiest days, will appear from the statements of the late esteemed Governor, and his not less excellent successor. Mr. Lord writes: "He was a very sweet, amiable, and good boy. I never saw, nor did I ever hear, of anything that he said or did, that was improper. Of all the boys I have been

connected with, he was one of the most excellent. He lived, I believe, in the enjoyment of religion. My remembrance of him is very pleasant." And on the day of his burial, Mr. Farrar said: "While under my care, he exhibited a maturity of christian principle." Returning affliction compelled him in October, not without regret, to leave the Grove, and return to the house of his father, who was now stationed in the Bingley Circuit, where awaited him the discipline of a severer school, upon which he entered without a murmur, and through which he was carried by the good Shepherd, who "gathereth the lambs with His arm, and carries them in His bosom."

Early Fruits of Righteousness



CHAPTER IV.

EARLY FRUITS OF RIGHTEOUSNESS.

"The bud was large, the blossom was beautiful and lovely, but the fruit was not permitted here to mature.—DR. BEAUMONT.

IT has often happened that precocious intellect, or pre-eminent goodness, has been associated with a premature grave. The fairest, brightest, noblest child in the family, has passed away early. The bud has unfolded, the blossom brightened in the sun, the nucleus been framed, and then, when promise was the richest, the summer storm has swept away the ripening fruit. How often we have been called to weep over the grave of early genius and piety!

"Few years but yield us proof of Death's ambition,
To cull his victims from the fairest fold,
And sheath his shafts in all the pride of life."

But some children, though early removed, have exhibited rich and mellowed tints. As some

fruits ripen sooner than others, especially in more genial climes, so some children early unfold their graces, and live long in a few years.

Edwin was emphatically "a good child." He was a gentle, truthful, loving boy. The late venerable and Rev. John Philips, of Southport, characterised him by saying, "A more amiable child I never knew." Truthfulness in him was a jewel; scarcely even in childhood was it sacrificed, in the riper days of boyhood, never. He loved the truth, and acknowledged it was of the grace of God that he always spoke it. So strict was his adherence to righteousness, that he carefully avoided the society of those whom he believed to be living in sin; but whose friendship; under other circumstances, he would have delighted to cherish.

He was remarkably free from rudeness, for true religion always refines and elevates. He certainly had the advantage of a gentle disposition, which, added to a graceful person, made him very attractive. He was loved for the kindness of his spirit, and the propriety of his behaviour. The following incident shows the estimate a stranger formed of him. On one occasion he accompanied his father from Edinburgh to Liverpool; at the Carlisle station, a clergyman handing a lady into the carriage, caught sight of him and exclaimed, "O what an interest-

ing boy is there!" and shaking hands with him, commended him to the special attention of the lady passenger; a kindness which, as the gentleman withdrew, the child acknowledged by a graceful bow. Throughout that long journey, the deportment and intelligent conversation of Edwin called forth the approving observations of the fellow travellers.

In presenting the character of a child, we are not required to trace causes and effects, and the relations of principles and actions, as would be required in a philosophical critique on an eminent adult christian; such a course would be unnatural—too much like an attempt to make a child into a man, and undeveloped germs into the richest fruits. Our aim will be to glance at the more prominent and illuminated points of the child's conduct, and present him, not as a prodigy, but as a safe and beautiful example to others.

Edwin loved method, order, and activity; he was a pattern of neatness. His books, toys, and clothes were kept in the best order. On his visits home from the Grove, he would always re-arrange and straighten up his brothers' drawers. In his affliction, whatever he had used—books, papers, drawings, or his knitting needles,—all when done with were carefully put by. Desk, pocket-book, keys and pocket-money,

were all in order, for confusion and disarrangement troubled his mind.

One feature in Edwin's character was his love of reading. Bunyan's Pilgrim was a great favourite, but his greatest delight was in the Holy Bible. He carefully placed markers that he might more readily find the chapters he most loved. The historical parts of the old Testament were often perused, and the narratives of Moses, Joseph, and Daniel had special attractions. When only a few years old, it was a common practice to leave his brothers at play, and taking his Bible, sit down to read one of his favourite chapters, and engage his mamma in conversation respecting it. A Jubilee Bible, presented by his parents, was his constant companion, and prized above all his other books.

While not distinguished by more than ordinary genius and intellect, he was, nevertheless, a very thoughtful child. His contemplative and prayerful habits led him to cultivate retirement; his sensitive nature shrunk from contact with the world, and he was often found engaged in prayer. From infancy he was taken to the house of God, and as his understanding opened, he became an interested and intelligent worshiper. When practicable he secured the hymns beforehand, and was seen carefully turning to the lessons of the day; then he would listen with

unwearied attention to the expositions of God's Word. On the Monday morning, he always repeated one or both of the texts, and would give from memory the divisions of the sermons. When six years old, he frequently took his two younger brothers into a retired room, and held a religious service, singing, praying, and preaching in his way. Of course, children often hold services, especially ministers' children; but in Edwin's case it was a matter, not of amusement, but of duty, prompted by a desire to serve God, and do his little brothers good. For all ministers he had a profound respect, but his father was his ideal of perfection; and in his little world, as Dr. Kitto pleasingly says, his papa was "the greatest of men." *

One beautiful trait in the child's character, was his great concern for the salvation of sinners. He believed the teachings of the Bible, and had a strong conviction of the fall, of human guilt

* A short time ago, when returning from a Missionary meeting, the chairman asked two little boys, the one his son, and the other his nephew who was on a visit from a neighbouring circuit, which they thought was the best speech of the evening. "O," said the son, very promptly, "Yours Papa, I liked it the best of all." He then asked the nephew, who adroitly said, "I liked yours very well, Uncle, but I thought Mr. spoke the best," naming the minister from his own circuit.

and responsibility, and of man's accountability to the great Judge of all ; and believing in heaven and hell, he was anxious to see those around him brought out of darkness into light, and from sin to holiness. When attending prayer-meetings, his heart yearned over mourners, and he expressed much solicitude to know whether such and such persons had obtained peace with God. The sincerity and earnestness of his desires for the salvation of others, were expressed in a very simple but beautiful way.

The gifted Authoress of " English Hearts and Hands," published at the commencement of last year, some prayers printed on cards. Edwin's mother obtained a number for distribution among her friends and neighbours. Her invalid son requested one ; the prayers were committed to memory, and daily, and often several times a day, repeated in his devotions. The card became a constant companion, and was found in his pocket after his decease. It is now in the writer's hand, somewhat soiled, but an affecting memento of a little boy's earnest and practical piety ; and an evidence that the appeals of christian philanthropy are not lost, even upon children. Let us pause to look at this dear child. He has retired to his chamber, and secluded from the world, breathes the following prayers.

FACSIMILE OF THE CARD.

*Will you Pray these Prayers every Day of the
Year 1859 ?*

O God, my Father,
Fill me with the HOLY GHOST, and fulfil in me all the
good pleasure of Thy goodness, and the work of faith
with power, that the Name of our LORD JESUS CHRIST
may be glorified in me and I in Him; according to the
Grace of our God and the LORD JESUS CHRIST.

" Become my rejoicing, my stronghold of love,
My aim and my end;
My glory on earth, and my glory above,
O JESUS my Friend !"

REVERSE SIDE,

GRANT, O GOD, we beseech Thee, a great outpouring
of Thy SPIRIT upon our country and her dominions ;
so as to cause a deep and wide Revival of a living
faith in CHRIST, working by love, and bringing forth
all the fruits of the SPIRIT ; and that wherever the
English tongue is spoken, it may be spoken to the
praise and glory of God. Be to our country " a wall
of fire round about her, and the glory in the midst
of her." Increase this Revival in any other countries
where it has been begun, and may it spread throughout
the world. We ask this for the sake of the Redeemer
of the world, JESUS CHRIST, our Saviour, who ever
liveth to make intercession for us. Amen.

Thus the child prays, day after day, week after week, amid pain and feebleness; a sincere, earnest, holy pleader with God. Can God hear this child's prayer? Can it swell the intercessions of the Church? Can it help to fill the golden vials? Would God hear a million children thus pleading? Has not a child power with God?

"Behold that fragile form of delicate, transparent beauty,
Whose light-blue eye and hectic cheek are lit by the
ballfires of decline,
All droopingly she lieth, as a dew-laden lily;
Her flaxen tresses, rashly luxuriant, drunk with un-
healthy moisture;
Hath not thy heart said of her, Alas! poor child of
weakness?
Thou hast erred: Goliath of Gath stood not in half her
strength:
Terribly she fighteth in the van as the virgin daughter
of Orleans,
She beareth the banner of heaven, her onset is the
rushing cataract,
Seraphim rally at her side, and the captain of that host
is God,
And the serried ranks of evil are routed by the lightning
of her eye;
She is the King's remembrancer, and steward of many
blessings,
Holding the buckler of security over her unthankful
land:
For that weak fluttering heart is strong in faith assured,
Dependence is her might, and behold—she prayeth."

TUPPER.

The engraving of little Samuel praying in his linen ephod, after Sir Joshua Reynolds, has impressed many hearts and awakened early associations. Doubtless God hears children, and their silvery voices, either in prayer or praise, are music to the King of kings. "Out of the mouth of babes and sucklings hast Thou ordained strength because of Thine enemies, that Thou mightest still the enemy and the avenger."

Not only did Edwin use the prayers himself, but succeeded in inducing others; and in order to carry out his desires, he took his desk, and as his failing strength allowed, transcribed the prayers in Roman letters on blank cards, neatly written, with all the capitals. He did this that he might have the pleasure of giving them away, with a request to use them as he did. How tenderly affecting to see this little boy, amid wasting sickness, sitting at his desk copying prayers! Not prayers for wine and oil, and the grapes of the vintage—not for personal blessings and the precious things of earth; but prayers for the salvation of the world. A sight it is at which an infidel will not sneer—a sight most gladdening to the true philanthropist, the profound philosopher, or learned divine; a sight possessing interest for a glowing seraph, and precious in the sight of the Lord. When we

see a sick child thrice a day pleading for a guilty world, our hearts are bowed before God—we are deeply humbled with a sense of our apathy, and surely we are stimulated to more earnest intercessions for the enlightenment and happiness of our fallen race.

When Edwin's parents were from home, the season of family worship was not omitted. He gathered his little brothers and servant around the altar, and there united in prayer to the God of heaven.

Edwin had a *forgiving* spirit: he cherished no resentment: he was susceptible of feeling an unkindness, but he meekly bore it: and was ever ready to assure of forgiveness when regret was expressed. It was not often he had to forgive, for his gentle and loving spirit secured him the esteem of almost all with whom he was connected. Now and then he was misrepresented and suffered wrongfully. On one occasion, a person had spoken sharply to him; and long after, as she saw the child meetening for heaven and sinking into an early grave, she begged his pardon; when he meekly and lovingly assured her, that he had forgiven all who had ever been unkind to him. When one of his younger brothers was expected to go to the Grove, Edwin intimated to him the possibility, that some of the older boys might be rough and treat him

unkindly; but in return, he must be kind to them, and fully forgive; "for," said he, "that you know is to love your enemies." "Like a well tuned instrument," says his father, "that yields music when struck by a rude hand, as well as when touched by gentle skill—so the unkindness which commonly elicits from us, when suffering under it, a jarring response, evoked from his spirit sweet sounds which told of chords within, that by whatever breezes stirred, or fingers touched, made music of a heavenly sort; and certain it is that as the material and outward become more attenuated and feeble, the spiritual and inward became fitted to the nicest adjustment, and tuned to the finest pitch, meet for the choral service to which he has been summoned. Sweet were the rehearsals on earth, in the echoes of which his memory lives below, and now above, he is a white-robed chorister chanting the everlasting *Te Deum*."

While Edwin was delicately alive to the expressions of kindness, he bore disappointments with the sweetest resignation. No passionate tears or subsequent moroseness marked his conduct. God's sweet peace ruled in his heart. If ever a tear stood in his eye, when he thought he was overlooked, it was wiped away with a smile of contentment. On his birthday,

which occurred during the last week of his life, he was asked what delicacy should be prepared for the occasion. The indulgence he chose was promised, and instructions given for its preparation. He sat down to the tea-table, anticipating the luxury, of which the smallest portion would have been enough, when he had to be told that by an oversight the promised treat had not been prepared. With the most perfect good nature he bore the disappointment, taking his tea as usual, and without further alluding to the circumstance. How different to the pettish spirit often exhibited, not only by children but by adults. Little things affect us when we are weak, but Edwin bore all patiently and with wonderful cheerfulness. He was a boy of only ten years of age, yet he exhibited a manly controlment of feeling, and gave clear and unmistakable evidence of the presence and power of spiritual affections and energies. He knew he should soon be raised above all wants; and instead of fretting and repining, he reposed in the love and tenderness of his earthly parents, and calmly rested in the protecting goodness of his heavenly Father.

We have spoken of Edwin as possessing great self-control. This is mainly to be attributed to his early religious training. He, like other children, had trials, crosses and disappointments.

If children's trials are not so great as those of adults, they are as hard to bear : they are tempted to do wrong just like men and women. Their little passions must be subdued, and their little appetites and desires controled, as well as ours ; and the true moral philosopher will not overlook such early strifes and conflicts, for they bear intimate and almost inseparable relations to character in manhood. The early controlment of desire, and the conquest of envy, vanity, and pride, will tell on the ultimate nobleness and strength of manhood. May we not trace much of the passion, obstinacy, and foolish ambition of after years, to the want of a wise parental oversight in childhood, aided by the application of scriptural principles, motives, and examples to the heart in its first struggles with evil ? That remarkable mother of Epworth Vicarage, who had so many distinguished children, restrained them in early life ; and she had a rich reward. The process of early culture may sometimes be painful and tedious, but the fruitage will amply compensate. Have we not seen parents smile when their darling child, in his rage and puny vengeance, would tear up earth and cast down heaven, dashing down spoon, toy, chair or stool to the ground, and stamping his indignation ? A tear rather than a smile, a prayer rather than a laugh, would be more becoming. This we silently

acknowledge, when we turn our head aside, that the child may not notice our merriment. True, the thing may appear ludicrous to us, but moral results are involved; and the sooner we begin the process of gentle restraint, the easier and better it will be. Foster, the great essayist, speaking of an extremely depraved child, said, "I never saw so much essence of Devil put in so small a vessel." Though Edwin was not naturally rude and passionate, still he had a fallen nature, was under the influence of the curse, and had the consequent trials and temptations: but his parents endeavoured to *train* as well as teach their child, in the way that he should go; authority was exercised, obedience exacted, discipline administered, restraints imposed; and by the blessing of God on father's firmness and mother's gentleness, Edwin became their joy on earth, and will be their crown of rejoicing in heaven.

He was patient under affliction.

"In suffering," says his father, who from his medical knowledge could judge of Edwin's physical symptoms and the progress of disease, "he was eminently patient: his malady, an affection of the mesentery, subjected him to constant and sometimes to very acute pain: the medical treatment likewise aggravated his suffering, but he took it all from God. The tears

would come into his eyes, and the keenness of anguish would sometimes extort from him' the exclamation, 'Oh, my poor body!' yet he murmured not; he was thankful for the least relief; and when the spasm left him, he was humbled and resigned." This testimony is sufficient evidence of the suffering child's patience, and we need not torture the reader's sympathy by further details.

Amid his afflictions, he felt much interest in the progress of christian missions to the poor heathen. We have seen him on his knees praying, but his heart yearned for more active service. When the Christmas of 1858 brought with it the opportunity of collecting for the missions, Edwin desired a Juvenile Collecting Card, that he might make a last effort. He cherished the hope that he might call on two or three kind friends. He was carefully clothed and ready to start, when a shower of rain came on, and he was obliged to desist. He saw his brothers depart; and after quietly laying aside his wrapping, sat down by the fire, and meekly though sorrowfully said, "I am never disappointed, but I think I have done something wrong." A touching lament! It would have delighted him to tread the crisp snow, face the sleet, or brave the falling shower, in obtaining funds for poor heathen children. He longed

to be instrumental in sending Bibles and Missionaries, to those "sitting in darkness and the region of the shadow of death." Surely the Lord accepted his service, for he had it in his heart. One of the last public services he attended, was a Missionary meeting in the Bingley chapel, on Easter-Monday. The writer remembers seeing several intelligent looking children in the front gallery, and was led, from their manifest interest in the proceedings, to make many allusions for their special benefit, which it subsequently appeared were not lost; for Edwin was one of those boys, and he frequently referred to the statements then made with grateful satisfaction.

The life of Edwin was a record of consistent goodness. It had no marvellous incidents and hair-breadth escapes, but was marked by a beautiful propriety. With the hope of restoring his health, Mrs. Turner, of Cross Hills, invited him to join her family for a season at Southport; and on a review of his conduct while there, says in a letter to his parents, "Edwin is a dear child, his conduct has been most proper, he is truly religious; we have much enjoyed his company." Fair was the blossom, the fruit was ripening early, but the Lord gathered him up to paradise.

The Fading Flower and the
Gathering Shadows.

CHAPTER V.
THE FADING FLOWER AND THE GATHERING
SHADOWS.

"Themselves will fade,
But not their memory;
And memory has the power
To re-create them from the dust."

LONGFELLOW.

EDWIN was one of the fair children of earth. His hair was rather light; eyes of bright hazel grey; mouth and nose well formed, and his forehead finely developed. His whole countenance was intelligent, and the expression sweet and happy. His figure was good, his bearing exact, and his manners very graceful. He was a beautiful child, with somewhat of heaven's light on his countenance; so attractive in his person, and withal so innocent in his expression, that a lady, whose sons have reached manhood said, "that when she saw him, she always felt a desire to kiss him." He was described at the Grove, as a "good boy, and the most loving in

the school." Many children are as beautifully formed, but Edwin had a peculiar charm. His natural amiability being refined and spiritualized by the graces of the Holy Spirit; his pure and noble soul beamed out of his countenance and made his goodness visible, so that his face was very pleasant to look upon.

It was a touching sight when he grew so weak that he could not walk, to see him lifted into his little carriage and taken into the balmy air. Many a tear trembled in the eyes of passers by, as they saw, amid the bursting flowers and golden sunshine of Spring, that feeble dying boy, with a face so clear, so meek, and so full of silent eloquence. Strong men felt tender emotions as they turned round to remark to each other, as did the Rev. Samuel Timms, Mr. Dawson's colleague and Superintendent of the Circuit, "that child is too seraphic for this world."

This fair flower of humanity was decaying; a worm was at the root, and though his appearance grew more delicately fine and lovely, it indicated the near presence of death, and brought much sorrow to the hearts of many friends. As the richly tinted rose clings for support to the trellis, or the flowering creeper to the fluted column, so this dear child threw the tendrils of his affections around the hearts

of his parents and friends; and the tenderness of his trusting love, made the severing the more difficult and painful. As the material form attenuated and faded, the inward and spiritual mellowed into riper beauty, and it was affecting to see, in the balance and harmony of the child's affections, a type of the purity and bliss of heaven, and an indication of its nearness; for he appeared to all who saw him more a child of heaven than earth. It is always solemn and impressive, to stand in the presence of what we feel is intensely pure and spiritual. Sometimes we have held our breath before the serene and majestic spirituality of an eminently great and good man, and there was a kind of fascination in the last days of Edwin. It seemed so certain that he was God's child and so near heaven, so closely allied to the celestial, and so sure of immediately entering the realms of the blessed, that a feeling of tender awe stole over those who ministered unto him. The seal of heaven was on the child's brow, the light of heaven sparkled in his eye, and the melody of heaven swelled in his heart.

The brilliant day and soft radiance of the evening are followed by shadows. It was evident that the last ray of earth's fading glory was departing; and that Edwin would soon exchange mortality for life, and death's shadow

for heaven's splendour. Edwin's Uncle, a medical man at Brighthouse, requested to have him again under his immediate treatment. In the previous Spring, his Uncle's skill, and his loving Grandmother's attentions had improved his health. As a last resource, his mother took him and left him at Brighthouse, where Grandmother, Uncle, and Cousins watched over him, but all in vain. His Mamama was summoned, and upon entering the room, he rose from his couch, not without difficulty, made a most graceful bow, and advancing, embraced her in the most affectionate manner. It was a touching and beautiful action, never to be forgotten by those who saw it. His hope in medicine and all other means was gone; yet cleaving to his mother, he felt her love would cheer him to the end. With her he returned home, to die; but he was fully prepared. His last sufferings were borne with wonderful patience and fortitude. His long hours were relieved by little occupations of pencil drawing and water colour painting, but his greatest delight was in reading memoirs and missionary anecdotes, especially his Bible. All this time his pocket Testament was his constant companion, in which, during the few days he spent at Brighthouse, he read the whole of the four Evangelists; in reference to whom, he said to his brother, "I like John the

best." One day, confined to his bed and suffering from a blister, for a little time he was left alone, and being asked if he did not feel dull, replied, "No Mamma; but I should like brother Nathaniel to read a chapter." He then selected JOHN xv., which he knew described the vine and its branches. What the vine is to the branch, the Saviour was to Edwin, for his soul was linked to the Redeemer by an indissoluble union; and the consciousness of that union sustained and comforted him in the days of dying. "If I die," said he to his brother, "I know that my sins are pardoned, and I shall go to heaven." Blessed experience! Compared with this, crowns are nothing, and the light of mere genius is darkness. A child calmly surveys death, feels it disrobed of its terrors, and contemplates eternity with tranquil joy. The superstitions of paganism darken the shadows of dissolution; the religion of poetry fades before the rising spectre of death; the fabric of an earth-formed morality falls before the tremendous power of a coming judgment; and the most elaborate systems of philosophy fail to gild the tomb with the light of hope; but here, a child ten years old, speaks serenely and intelligently of the near presence of death and eternity, and triumphs in the consciousness of forgiven sin and union with the Saviour. No fear, no shrinking, but joyous

anticipation. Happy child! Happy in the assurance of pardoning love; and happy in the bright conceptions he cherished of his heavenly home. He was delightfully familiar with the Scripture images of the New Jerusalem; and during the last few days of his life, he often repeated the following lines, so apposite to his circumstances, and so sweetly expressive of his feelings and hopes:—

Beautiful Zion built above,
 Beautiful City that I love:
 Beautiful gates of pearly white,
 Beautiful temple, God its light.

Beautiful trees for ever there,
 Beautiful fruits they always bear;
 Beautiful rivers gliding by,
 Beautiful fountains never dry.

Beautiful light without the sun,
 Beautiful day revolving on;
 Beautiful worlds on worlds untold,
 Beautiful streets of shining gold.

Beautiful crowns on every brow,
 Beautiful palms the conquerers show;
 Beautiful robes they all do wear,
 Beautiful all who enter there.

As Edwin's mind dwelt on this assemblage of beautiful thoughts and images, he was much cheered; the allusions seemed to bring heaven nearer, and he longed to be with Christ.

The Victory.

CHAPTER VI.

THE VICTORY.

"I saw the loved one die,
Athwart the parting clouds a beam
Of heavenly brightness shone, and
Gleaming through the lattice, rested
On his brow in golden beauty.

It seemed as if its coming
Gilded all his thoughts, and brought
Sweet memories, brightening his hope
And tracing out the upward path
To immortality.
In holy ravishment he smiled,
And in the spell of that blest vision
Pass'd away!"

WE have seen Edwin in health and sickness; we have watched his conduct, and portrayed some of the aspects of his character. We have not thrown any known imperfections into the shade, or sought to brighten and warm the picture with orient tints; but endeavoured to describe him as he was, and as he was known.

In many respects he was a model child. His life was a beautiful, though miniature, portrait of christian excellencies.

Edwin's advantages were great, but not greater than those of many other children. Contrasted with many, surrounded by all kinds of vice and crime in our large towns, he was greatly privileged. Alas! for poor children in the cities, living in dark courts, dirty lanes and crowded alleys, surrounded by thieves and vagabonds of the worst description, and whose parents are openly profligate and vicious. Alas for them! for they are early familiarized with cursing, gin palaces, and all kinds of licentiousness. How can such poor children escape ruin? Their only hope, humanly speaking, seems to be in the city Missionary—the ragged schools—the benevolent exertions of ladies and their Bible women, or the noble philanthropy of such men as Lord Shaftesbury, whose name is a synonym for active christian benevolence. We hail with joy, the efforts of the *Bible women* to reach the degraded mothers of St. Giles, and other parts of the “dens of London;” but how many children are being ruined! Their salvation is possible, but seems very improbable. We have seen a fair white lily growing in the midst of a stagnant pool, unlike everything else around it; and now and then a sweet rose, blushing from

the window of a dirty garret, in marked contrast with the impurities within ; and so, as if to save us from despair, we have seen a fair child rise into pure and beautiful humanity, from amid the pollutions around her ; but such cases we fear are very rare. Oh, how thankful should the children of pious parents be, for their privileges ! Theirs are golden opportunities ! Theirs, a heritage of blessing !

Such a goodly heritage of religious advantages, affectionate parental instructions, and divinely gracious influences, was the providential lot of this favoured child : we have seen how the young morning of his life was beautiful with the Spirit's graces, and how as he was drooping in sickness day by day, the radiance of a brighter clime gathered around him ; and soon reaching the end of this short stage of life, he realized the glory in which he believed. His death was one of the most peaceful and triumphant.

The only momentary shadow of a painful nature which passed over him, was caused by a visitor, who at his bedside spoke to him of death. It was like unveiling to him the last enemy, and for a little time he was troubled. His habitual idea of death seemed to have been derived from a letter, written to him by his father a year previously, in which the soul was compared to a little bird in its cage, from which

at last it escapes, and goes singing up into the skies. This figure he alluded to when dying, saying, "the little bird will soon fly away." His thoughts were soon called off from the gloomy valley, and again occupied with the bright and beautiful things of another world.

The last hours of Edwin have been so graphically and tenderly described by his father, that we shall do little more than transcribe his beautiful words.

"It was Saturday, and in prospect of the pulpit duties of the following day, I had returned from the dinner table to my study, into which Edwin's mother soon followed me, remarking, 'I think he is fast sinking.' Startled at the intimation, I hurried into his room, and at once perceived that the hour of his departure had come. During the previous night he had laid quiet though wakeful, and all the morning he had been composed and interested in portions of Scripture, which had been read to him by his Mamma, and also in the prayers which had been offered at his bedside. Now had arrived the long expected period so dreaded by us, but not by the dear sufferer, who was sinking into a slumber, gentle as an infant's. Bending over my firstborn with an agony which the thought of his immediate removal created, I called him to recollection by the mention of his name, and

opening his eyes, he looked at me with his wonted intelligence and love, and the expiring lamp of nature shot up for the last time, with a lustre that only yielded to immortality. So gently and peacefully was he entering the valley, that he could scarcely know it to be the death for which, in his long affliction, the grace of the Saviour had prepared him. Like to the apostle, he desired 'to depart and be with Christ.' 'I want to die,' said he, 'and go to heaven.' Lest he should cherish impatience, even in this desire, it was said to him, 'If, my dear, it pleases God to take you;' when instantly, with a tone of great assurance, he replied, 'Mamma, it does please Him, it does please him.' We kneeled around his bed, when he joined his hands, as he had often done on that bed of pain, and with broken words we commended the child of our love, a very lamb in gentleness, to the great Shepherd of the sheep. Reminding him of the prayer of the thief on the cross, 'Lord remember me when thou comest into thy kingdom;' he promptly quoted the Saviour's reply, 'To day shalt thou be with me in paradise;' and other Scriptures in his heart, rose to his dying lips. I now told him how his infant sister and grandmamma had gone before him to heaven, and further, that we, Papa, Mamma, and Brothers, should follow him, to which he responded, 'that will be joyful,

joyful,' in a voice both strange and musical ; for within the last few hours, he had acquired an intonation unlike anything we ever heard ; it was so exultant and unearthly, as if struck to the pitch of a celestial hymn : tones, that seemed to us, of ethereal sweetness, like

‘ The harp notes of another sphere ;’

and in such clear ringing tones he spoke of the ‘ blood having washed away all his sins ;’ joining in our ascriptions of ‘ glory to God ;’ and to my assurance that Jesus was with him, most joyfully responded, ‘ Hallelujah.’

“ During his illness, his features had acquired an interesting and eminently intelligent appearance. Though emaciated, yet beautiful was the tabernacle in which, for just ten years, had lodged that happy spirit, whose graces through long affliction, had been exercised and perfected. Now an indescribable heavenliness rested upon his countenance, a beauty more like the brightness of the morning than the shadows of evening ; raising his arms, he exclaimed, ‘ Come Lord Jesus, come quickly.’ And quickly did the Saviour come to gather him in his arms. Seeing that mortal darkness was falling upon his eyes, I asked him as I held up the Bible, what was in my hand ; but he could not tell, nor who stood on the other side of the bed ; but though

his sight had failed, he knew my voice, for in answer to my question, who was conversing with him? replied, 'Papa,' and then saying, 'Good bye,' he gave us each a kiss,

'The farewell kiss of life.'

"His drooping eyes now assumed a most expressive appearance—'he looked up steadfastly and his face shone as it had been an angel.' Tears were now for ever wiped away, from eyes that gleamed with celestial brightness; it was not in a vacant stare they were fixed, but in a look of intense and intelligent interest, while on his features, there was mirrored a celestial splendour.

"With holy awe, we said in whispers to each other, as we gazed on that supernal light, 'look! look there! O blessed boy! what glory is this!' for in that brilliant burning gaze, we felt constrained to recognize the reflection of the 'shining ones.' Again we kneeled around him, and while gazing through tears of joy and sorrow on that sight, the dying boy, in the same graceful manner for which he had been so often admired when spoken to by friends, slowly raised his hand to his head, and then, *placed it across his brow*, not to obscure, but as if to shade his eyes, from excessive brightness. O the beauteous light that rested on his face, as for some moments he seemed to gaze on unfolding glories! And when

at length we were sure, though slow to believe it,—so softly had he breathed his last,—that the angels had carried him away, while the hand gently declined from his brow, there remained the smile upon his cheek, and a radiance upon his features which language cannot describe ; and when again we stood at that bed side, as loving eyes strained through the blinding tears to take a last look, and loving hands placed the choicest flowers of a neighbouring greenhouse upon his breast and brow, the heavenliness of those features seemed to remind us, how far above our sorrow was his joy, and that assuredly our loss was his gain."

In the Chapel-Yard at Woodhouse Grove, a tombstone, inscribed with Edwin's name and age, marks the place where his sacred dust reposes in "guarded rest ;" whence at the coming of our Lord, it shall rise, and

"With lustre brighter far shall shine."

Thus closed the short career of a boy, in the beauty of whose life, as well as in the triumph of his death, was seen the power of Divine grace.

In the early conversion and subsequent piety of this child, we see the rich reward of a mother's instructions and prayers. It would be ungrateful not to acknowledge, that other persons contributed to the formation and establishment

of Edwin's character ; but the chief instrument, under God, was his mother.

Great is a loving Mother's power ; hers is an influence, which like some exquisite perfume, penetrates all recesses, even those of a babe's heart, which it fills with the fragrance of love. The first summer of life, is the beautiful beaming of a mother's eye ; the first word lisped, is on a mother's knee ; the first prayer on our behalf, rose from a mother's heart : and her holy influence is first felt, and longest remembered. Mothers have most to do with the making of great men ; they have assisted to raise up the wise and virtuous in the community ; they have sent forth saints into the church, ministers into the pulpit, and missionaries into the world. Napoleon Bonaparte, touched and honoured the source of a nation's greatness, when, being asked, what should be done for France, answered, " Give her good Mothers." And strong is our conviction, that England's future, much depends on the christian mothers in the land. Whatever tends to strengthen the best features of our national character for purity and integrity, for intelligence, truthfulness and thorough honesty, must be viewed with interest and hope by the best wishers of our country. If it be true that ' Righteousness exalteth a nation, but sin is a reproach to any people ;' if it be true that

religion teaches us to "Fear God, and honour the king;" then, the more we increase the number of godly young men and women, the more we add to the strength and permanent grandeur of the British Empire. Mothers, train up your sons to become men worthy of their country! By gentle hands rear those tender plants, to become by grace, fit for the garden of the Lord below, and for his paradise above. It was a very just and forcible answer, which, Agesilaus, the Spartan king, returned to one who asked him, What it was in which youth ought principally to be instructed? he replied, "That which they have most need to practice when they are men." Interpreted by the Gospel, this answer points to the godly upbringing of our children. Mothers! yours is a noble mission: worthy of the most ardent enthusiasm, of the utmost perseverance, and self-sacrificing devotion. Think not, as you are patiently toiling among your little ones, that you are shut out from usefulness, while fathers and friends are busy with schemes of commerce, or, of christian benevolence: at home, it is yours to mould the hearts, and form the characters of your beloved children, who shall become, by the blessing of God upon your endeavours, beautiful spring-flowers, olive plants growing around your table, beautifying earth, and blooming for heaven,

Yours it is, O honoured labourer, to give the first direction to man's noble course! yours to point the path to truth and glory; yours to lead your little ones to Jesus, and bring them to enlist in the service of the King of kings, that they may achieve the greatest conquests, wear the noblest laurels, and ultimately be crowned with imperishable diadems. Repine not, as the new book, full of attraction and interest has to be laid aside, while you pour simple truths into the tender minds around you. 'Tis yours to lay the true foundation of future eminence; yours to create a thirst for knowledge, and give the right bias to early genius. You may live to see your son bearing away the first honours of literary distinction, and laying them at the feet of that Saviour, whose sweet name he first heard, and whom he first learned to love, while standing at your knee.

The public meeting, the interesting lecture, the attractive soiree, or even the richly enjoyable social circle, where heart meets heart and mind stirs mind to action, you may be called to renounce in the prosecution of your paternal duties: but see, through the vista of a few years, a group of manly sons and lovely daughters, trained to virtue, and erect in the conscious possession of moral purity and intellectual power. There is your recompense. Happy

Mother! Happy Children! Happy Home! The children of such a mother rise up and call her blessed. "GIVE HER OF THE FRUIT OF HER HANDS; AND LET HER OWN WORKS PRAISE HER IN THE GATES."—PROV. XXXI, 81.

"Art thou a mother? Do thine eyes
With transport overflow,
To see thine olive-plants arise,
And round thy table grow?
It is in truth a lovely sight,
May it thy bosom fill
With fond enjoyment and delight,
And cheer thy dwelling still!

"Art thou a mother? Early teach
Their infant lips to pray
To Him, who, 'midst their faltering speech,
Knows all they wish to say,
Oh! bring them to the Cross betimes,
For, if the Lord's while young,
Each life shall then be free from crimes,
And from deceit each tongue."

Art thou a mother? Teach and pray,
Nor think thy labour vain;
Fruit shall be reaped another day,
Bread shall be seen again.
In virtuous children, thou shalt find,
A rich reward is given;
And, O the bliss, at length assigned,
To meet each child in heaven.



